

Perspective

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Very mild slash. Oneshot

Perspective

Oneshot, set just before Punk quit, with the mildest slash ever.

I don't own anything.

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Resentful.

That word may have described any feelings Punk may have had towards Dean Ambrose before the incident in the elevator. It wasn't the same sort of resentment he held against Vince or Triple H or any of the WWE brass.

No, this resentment was completely and utterly irrational and undeserved. The fact that Punk knew that, however, didn't stop him from feeling it.

Foul would describe his mood as of late, that was sure and he knew that he was probably taking that out on some of the wrong people. Maybe it was born out of jealousy, which was a completely irrational emotion as well.

He'd resented Cena in the past for his place in the company, and other guys for the same thing. But the reason that emotion was attached to Ambrose was for the simple fact that Ambrose didn't seem to care how he was booked.

Maybe it was because he was still early in his career at WWE, maybe it was because he was nearly a decade younger than Punk but the other man seemed content with where he was, simply happy wrestling and had

admitted that he didn't care about the politics of it or anything of that nature.

Maybe it was for the simple fact that Punk really wished he could be like that sometimes.

Whatever the reason, it was there; festering alongside the hatred he was growing for Vince and the upper management and holding his tongue on all these issues. Although he'd been pretty sure that the first people he would blow up at would be Vince or Triple H, not Ambrose.

So, it was _almost _funny that he should get stuck in an elevator with the man. It happened, he would reflect afterwards, because of a couple of bad decisions on his part. The first being his decision to wait to go to the locker room after the show was over due to the fact that he hadn't wanted to deal with the other guys. Then there was taking too long in the shower because he was hurting. Then there was taking the elevators in the first place when he should have just taken the stairs.

By the time he'd made it out of the arena, a storm had been in full affect. By the time he had made it back to the hotel, he'd been soaked and cold and mildly irritated when he found Ambrose waiting for the elevators when he got to them.

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Dean only glanced at him briefly when Punk came up beside him. He sighed, almost in relief when the elevator doors opened only seconds later. He'd stayed at the hotel bar while Seth and Roman had gone on up to the rooms, mainly because he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep just yet.

Sometimes, his brain simply would not shut off and it showed in an excess sort of energy that Seth and Roman liked to call "the Ambrose" in him. Sometimes it led to darker thoughts that refused to let him sleep.

Seth had gone off on a tangent once after watching some of the promos he'd done in the indies, worried that it had been worse back then if Moxley had really been a part of him the way that Ambrose was, which had forced Dean to remind him how ridiculous it was to worry about a _character_ he'd played before he'd even met Seth.

So, he hadn't gone up to his room, and of course the only other member of the roster who would be up this late would be Punk.

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Punk was grateful when the doors to the elevator opened just after he'd gotten there and he and Ambrose got inside. Ambrose immediately went off to one corner, still refusing to look at him and Punk had to wonder if he'd managed to hide that resentment as well as he would have liked.

Silence. And then, halfway up, somewhere in between the fourth and fifth floor, two things happened. The elevator lurched before coming to a stop and then the lights went out, plunging them both into

darkness.

Punk stood still for several seconds, twitching a bit. "Fuck! You have got to be kidding me!" He burst out afterwards, slamming both of his hands into the door. As soon as he did, lights came back up, although dimmer than before but the elevator remained unmoving.

Punk scowled and picked up the emergency phone and cursing again. "What the fuck kind of hotel doesn't have a working phone in here?" He asked furiously. He already knew his cell wouldn't have service even before he took it out too.

Punk turned towards Ambrose, and as soon as he did, the scowl on his face faltered. Ambrose was still in the corner of the small space but his blue eyes were a little bit too wide and, Punk noted, when he studied the other man for a bit, the grip he had on the railing was white knuckle tight.

"Trapped?" And Ambrose's voice actually trembled a little bit at that word. Punk frowned this time.

"Yes. Don't tell me you're claustrophobic."

"Not claustrophobic," Ambrose said but he closed his eyes after the words.

"Right. Sure you're not."

"M'not," Ambrose protested, sliding to the floor, his grip still on the railing. He visibly hesitated before speaking again. "Fine with small spaces. Not so much with being trapped."

"Great." Punk huffed and turned away from him again, ignoring the pang of guilt for the knowledge that he definitely wasn't being fair in that moment.

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Well, this might very well turn out to be one of the most embarrassing moments in his life. Dean sighed, forcing himself to lose the grip on the railing to dig his fingers into his legs. He'd never been afraid of much of anything and it was just his luck that the one irrational fear he did have would be put on full display in front of Punk.

He opened his eyes when he heard Punk moving and watched the other man sit down across from him. Focusing on Punk was easier than focusing on the fact that they could be in there for a while, which only made the fear in his chest come dangerously close to panic.

"Thought you weren't afraid of anything," Punk commented, a hint of mocking in his voice that set Dean's nerves even more on edge.

"Asshole," he gritted out. "What? You don't have any fears at all?"

"Definitely not something so stupid," Punk sneered at him and, damn, that hurt more than it should have. More than it would have coming

from anybody else aside from maybe Seth and Roman.

Dean squeezed his eyes shut again and gripped his knees tighter.

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Punk drew back when he saw the flash of hurt in blue eyes and scrubbed a hand across his face. _Fuck. _When exactly had he become about hurting people that didn't deserve it? When had that become acceptable to him?

"Look, I'm sorry," he said finally. Ambrose's eyes snapped open and, for a moment, fear was replaced by surprise. Punk hesitated slightly before he moved to sit next to the younger man. "I've been a miserable bastard the last couple of months and I shouldn't take it out on you."

"Why do you hate me?" Ambrose asked then and Punk squirmed.

"Look, it doesn't matterâ€|"

"Does to me," the other man muttered almost too quietly for Punk to hear, surprising him. "Besides, I need the distraction, man."

Punk hesitated. Ambrose had always seemed to shrug off anyone who disliked him, he didn't see why it would matter if Punk did. "Stupid reasons," he finally admitted. "The last couple of months in particular have beenâ€|.shitty. I think I've gotten to where I hate everybody involved in the business."

"Doesn't sound healthy," Ambrose commented, leaning forward to press his forehead against one bent knee.

"Yeah, well, I'm a bitter asshole." He grimaced at his own words.

"You hate me cause I'm not?" The perceptive question came out of nowhere and Ambrose turned his head towards Punk, eyes open this time.

"I don't hate you." Punk paused, chewed his lip a moment. "I just wishâ€|"

"I get it," Ambrose cut in and Punk fell silent.

He sort of hated _himself _for a few moments. Hated that he had let himself get this way, get this bitter and angry, especially over something that he had once loved and lived for. His thoughts turned to how he could change it and how utterly impossible that task seemed to be. He was only brought out of them when Ambrose rocked beside him.

Punk jerked his gaze back to the younger man, realized that Ambrose had closed his eyes again and was shaking just a little bit. Punk opened his mouthâ€|and just started rambling.

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Stories. Punk was telling stories. Dean took a moment to focus

completely on Punk's voice and it calmed him more than he would have thought. At first, he didn't even focus on the words, just the low steady stream of Punk's voice; not pausing in some story that took him a few minutes to realize was probably from his indie days.

He knew, too, that Punk was trying to distract him on purpose and he was grateful, if a little surprised, that Punk would go to the effort, especially after his initial reaction to being stuck in an elevator with Dean.

There was something wistful about Punk's voice as well, like he missed what he was talking about. It wasn't exactly a difficult thing to figure out that he wasn't missing sleeping in cars and the floors of motel rooms and Dean frowned when Punk trailed off finally.

"You gonna quit?" He asked finally, so focused on Punk that the fear was pushed to the back of his mind.

"Iâ€¦I don'tâ€¦" Punk chewed his lip a moment and let his head fall back against the elevator wall. "I don't know what to do."

Dean nodded. "I get it."

Punk eyed him sideways. "Doubt that."

Wrapping his arms around his bent knees and shrugging one shoulder, he studied Punk a moment before answering.

"Sure I do. You've loved it for years; it's all you've ever wanted to do. You poured everything into it, never even thought of a backup plan, and probably thought you'd be involved in it either until you were forced to retire or you died, right?"

Punk blinked, a hint of surprise in his eyes. "Yes."

"So, now you're faced with the situation that this thing that you used to live for is only making you miserable but letting go of it isn't that easy because you _did _live for it for so long."

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Punk swallowed and had to look away from the other man, from the far too perceptive gaze. It was true. This job had turned from something he loved into just a paycheck.

"Sticking with something that is just going to make you miserable doesn't sound healthy."

"No." Punk very nearly flinched at the word leaving his own mouth and when he looked over at Dean again, it was from a new perspective. He'd been mistaken, completely by the other man. Before he could voice this, the elevator jerked and started moving again.

Before Dean could stand, Punk moved closer to him and pressed close, pressed a short, brief kiss to the other's lips.

"Thank you," he said, with as much sincerity as he could must and stood as the elevator doors opened, skirting past Reigns and Rollins when they moved to meet Dean. He smiled to himself as he walked down

the hall.

End
file.